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## "TWO TO ONE!"

The SUNDAY WORLD'S Record for the Last  
Twelve Sundays.

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DEC. 9.....PRINTED 263,150 Copies.	
DEC. 16.....PRINTED 262,100 Copies.	

THE SUNDAY WORLD has DOUBLE the Circulation of any other Sunday newspaper in Europe or America, and the Circulation Books and Newsdealers' Orders are "OPEN TO ALL."

### WORLDLINGS.

The mummified remains of Santa Tunga, or "Big Heart," one of the old chiefs of the Utes, are in a cave near old Fort Caspar, in Wyoming.

The most successful song writer of the day is said to be Will S. Hays, who has for many years been the writer of a Louisville newspaper. He first became popularly known from his "Write Me a Letter from Home."

Sir Edward Clarke, the present Attorney-General of England, began life as a clerk in his father's grocery store in London. He then entered the civil service, but left it to study law.

A St. Louis sportsman recently procured in Oregon a trophy that is one of the greatest curiosities of its kind in the world. It consists of a large and perfect pair of caribou antlers which are entirely covered with a fine, close growth of hair.

### OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

Young, but with a Long Memory.  
(From the Rochester Herald.)  
The New York Evening World recalls the day of Aug. 2, 1877, when A. A. Selover slapped Jay Gould's face on New street and then took him by the collar and dropped him over an iron railing to the bottom of an area ten feet deep.

### HIS MATRIMONIAL FAILURE.

Sweet Lucy was dainty, Sweet Lucy was fair; She'd a face like a lily and chestnut brown hair. While the charm that for years I had been striving to find She also possessed—I refer to her mind. If you think we talked nonsense, your error is great; Each night when I called (and I always stayed late) The poets from Shakespeare to Byron and Gray We discussed with a zest, in terms sober yet gay. Into Carline we dipped and on Emerson dwelt, While Ruskin the light of our intellect felt; The theory of Darwin we even assailed; If he thought to affront us he signally failed. Sweet Lucy's ideas were extremely "advanced," But this, in my eyes, her attraction enhanced; Such passion as love she distinctly deplored, And vowed if I "spooned" she'd be horribly bored; She thought that most marriages failed from the fact That love obscured reason and blunted our tact. Years have sped by since those amorous days, A mist is before them, a deadening haze, I wander alone 'neath the darkening sky, And think of sweet Lucy and times long gone by. My wife's just been talking—Great Scott! She can talk—On the subject of dinner, of mutton, of pork. The counter's her forte, and that prosaic question: Is her one of joy, I say "Hang her digestion!" Of breakfasts and dinners I've heartily tired, The gourmand's a creature I never admired. But she laughs at my "soul" till in sheer self-defense I leave her alone with her sickening sensor. She wants to know what'll pay the green-grocer's bill. And asserts that his dumpling is making her ill; She pities the butcher; for me she feels sorry; I hear the same story from midnight till morn. We're sadly misestimated, of that I'm quite sure; But there's nothing to do but to grin and endure.

I think of sweet Lucy in earlier life, And end with a sigh. Sweet Lucy's my wife! ALAN DALE.

He Was About Right.  
(From Rome.)

Man-with-no-joy (who has found a box of cigarettes)—Umph! Pale face pensive heep no good!

Suffering Great Months Unsuccessfully.  
W. B. RICE & SON.  
GENTLEMEN: After trying various remedies during the last eight months to cure a stubborn cough, all of which failed, your EXTRACTOR was suggested to me. I tried it, and am happy to say it cured me at once. Yours respectfully, FRANK P. O. RICE, 21 E. 11th St., N. Y. C.

## CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

Lots of Pathetic Little Socks That Need Filling.

Brighten Your Own Christmas by Brightening That of Some Poor Child.

Send "The Evening World" Your Address and We Will Investigate and Recommend a Good Case to Your Charity—Or Send Us a Bill of Any Denomination, and We Will Put It Where It Will Do the Most Good on Christmas Morn—Responses Favoring the Idea Brought by the Morning Mail.

"Count Me In for a Christmas Package."

I like your idea of "widening even by a little the circle of charity at the Christmas-tide," and you may count me in for one Christmas package for the poor children.

Please Send Along the Money.

Shall be glad to assist in the worthy work of filling some of the empty Christmas stockings. But, if you investigate the cases, why can you not also deliver my package? I will send you a bill for the purpose to-morrow if you will agree to do so.

These Pathetic Little Stockings.

Of course it would be impossible in so large a city to fill a tithe of the thousands and thousands of pathetic little empty stockings on Christmas morning. But I agree with you that even a little good is worthy of accomplishment. I will help. But please do not publish my name.

He Will Fill Two.

I will contribute to filling two Christmas stockings. Please send me two good cases, after due investigation.

A Good Receipt.

You suggest the best receipt for a happy Christmas. Make some little child's heart dance for joy, and your own will be full of happiness also.

THINKS CIVILIZATION A FAILURE.

Alfred M. Smith, a Vegetarian, Goes to Brazil to Live on Nuts and Berries.  
[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EVENING WORLD.]  
BOSTON, Dec. 15.—Alfred M. Smith, who sailed a short time ago from New York on the steamer Advance for Para, Brazil, is one of those original and interesting characters who stand on the thin line that divides the genius from the crank.

Although Alfred sometimes displayed the qualities of a crank, yet he was in many ways a genius. He has gone to Brazil because he thinks civilization is a failure, and because, being a vegetarian, he can live on nuts and berries without being obliged to work.

Alfred Smith has been living for the last two years down at Pondville, a thriving and beautiful hamlet composed of a blacksmith shop, a schoolhouse and five dwelling-houses, lying between two hills in the extreme southeastern corner of the town of Norfolk.

It is called Pondville because there is no pond anywhere in the vicinity. Alfred came here in 1896 on foot, with no luggage, but with \$65.19 in his pocket. No one knew whence he came, and Alfred kept his past life a secret until just before his departure last week, when he unburied himself to a Wrentham lady.

Alfred had advanced ideas on diet. "His cornmeal he took uncooked because he argued man in his primitive state never ate cooked food, and the more nearly we live in accordance with nature, the more healthy we are, of course, and the more healthy. Two hours after eating the raw meal Alfred always drank a tenebrous of cold water. It helped digestion and slaked his thirst at the same time.

It has been fifteen years since he tasted meat or animal food in any form. He did not go out very much in Pondville society, but he possessed qualities of mind that would have enabled him to shine in the literary coterie of Pondville or of any other place.

His language was almost painfully grammatical, and his pronunciation was on a par with that of any Harvard professor. He often remonstrated with the Pondville children for saying "You are" or "Ain't" or "Hoss and team" or "I'd rather" or "I'd rather" was an uncompromising enemy of all slang.

Alfred's best hold, however, was in writing with the problems of our social life. He had the volume of his own writing on a shelf with all social life. It was to found an anti-marriage community down in Texas, where all the members should have everything in common and live together in peace and love—especially love.

He tried to enlist the sympathies of the Pondville citizens in this cause, but not with much success in his persistent efforts. A few of the representative citizens got together one afternoon in the blacksmith shop to see what could be done to prevent the foundations of society from being overturned by the dangerous doctrine of Alfred. He was liberated a while, and finally concluded to get rid of Alfred if possible. One of them hustled around and found a wealthy resident who would take Alfred in, and then went and offered the reformer \$50 for it.

Alfred accepted the offer because he saw how impossible it was to convert Pondville to his ideas and because he thought he could pick up nuts with the squirrels in Brazil and not have the trouble of gardening.

Alfred is forty-two years old and was born in Wisconsin, where his parents, who are quite wealthy, still reside. One of his brothers is a well-to-do merchant in a town of Western Massachusetts. Alfred went to Beloit College, in Wisconsin, four years until he was graduated with honors.

Among the Workers.

General Master Workman Powderly is expected in this city to-morrow and will address the surface railroad men (N. D. A. 224) in the evening at Cooper Union Hall.

The Freedom Labor Club of carpet workers, which has persistently endeavored to get into the Central Labor Union, was rejected again yesterday. Its members are Knights of Labor and have kept open out of Higgins's factory by the Progressive Carpet Workers' Union.

The Skyline and Cornice Makers' Union will have to wait another week before it can get into the Central Labor Union. The Tin and Sheet-Iron Workers' Union opposed admission.

The Anti-Home Clubbers of D. A. 49 have called a meeting for next Sunday to organize under the plan of the new Industrial League.

The Brewery Employees' Association report that Kohler & Co., ale brewers, in East Twentieth street, have demanded of their men that they must not frequent the union meetings nor encourage the Stevenson boycott on pain of dismissal. A Central Labor Union committee will call on the firm.

Secretary Bohm, of the Central Labor Union, will endeavor to find out upon what terms American organizations can be represented in the Labor Congress to be held at Paris.

## JOHN DOREMUS MUST DIE.

HE WILL BE HANGED AT HACKENSACK ON WEDNESDAY.

Thus He Will Expunge the Crime of Murdering His Own Son—The Boy Stepped to His Mother's Rescue and Was Struck to the Heart by His Father—Prompt Justice to Overtake the Murderer.

John Myers Doremus is to die on the gallows Wednesday at Hackensack, N. J., and Sheriff D-marest, of Bergen County, has placed the death watch over the doomed man.

The Court of Pardons of New Jersey was appealed to, but having made a thorough investigation of the case, refused to interfere, and Gov. Green alone has no power to stay the hand of justice. Doremus must expiate the foul murder of his only son by yielding up his own life.

Doremus is past middle age. He was a quiet man ordinarily, but when in liquor he was violent and abusive.

At 7 o'clock on the evening of June 7 last he came home to his supper considerably the worse for liquor. He was quarrelsome, and after some growling grabbed a pitcher of water from the table and dashed the contents on Mrs. Doremus.

At this, Jacob, Doremus's twenty-year-old son, stepped up indignantly and interfered. "Here, father, we have had too much of this. I won't stand it any longer," exclaimed the boy, stepping in between his father and mother.

Doremus the elder became infuriated at this, and springing to his feet, he seized a carving-knife from the table, rushed upon the lad and plunged the knife-blade in his left breast.

The boy staggered out of the house, but threw up his hands and fell dead in the doorway.

He had been stabbed to the heart, the knife dividing that organ.

The crazed father was arrested shortly after, and his trial occurred at Hackensack last month. He had been heard to threaten the life of Jacob before he was speedily convicted. The murdered boy was a quiet, industrious youth, and did much towards the maintenance of his mother.

During his confinement and since his conviction Doremus has been morose and sullen, refusing to see a spiritual adviser. But he has at last concluded that his race is run, and he has sent for three ministers of the gospel, one from Hackensack and two from Englewood.

Deputy Sheriffs Harrison and Herring form the death watch.

A Holiday Furniture Emporium.

At the furniture emporium of Messrs. J. & S. Baumann, Forty-six street and Eighth avenue, is displayed a large variety of goods particularly calculated to suit the fancy of holiday shoppers. Tables and artistically designed chairs, parlor glasses, chival glasses, chairs frilled and sprayed with gold and gilt, enameled furniture with ornate designs, and a crowd of endless array of parlor suits at all prices, and complete line of carpets, oil paintings and engravings. Folding-beds, fancy desks of all makes, rugs and willow ware are among the articles on hand. Through the holiday season all goods will be sold at a reduction of 20 per cent.

All Sorts of Girls.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]  
There's the pretty girl,  
And the witty girl,  
And the girl with her hair;  
The girl that is a flirt,  
And the girl that is pert,  
And the girl with the baby stare.

There's the dowdy girl,  
And the rowdy girl,  
And the girl that is always late;  
There's the girl of style,  
And the girl with the mincing gait,  
And the girl with the tender girl.

And the girl that is a flirt,  
And the girl that is pert,  
And the girl with the baby stare.

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## IN THE HAUNTS OF MIRTH.

ALONG THE SPRIGHTLY LANES IN THE LAND OF THE HUMORISTS.

Home Treatment.



Mrs. Selby—Doctah, de chile dun gone swaller 't pint ob ink.

Doctor—Ink yo' dun cnynding fo' de relief 'ob 'im.

Mrs. Selby—Ink dun made 'im eat free sheet ob blottin'-paper, doctah. Was dat rite?

Easily Mended.  
[From the Republican.]  
Little Bessie dropped an awful of playthings. "Did you break anything?" asked the mother. "Nothing but the quiet," she replied, "and that's mended already."

Unusually High.  
[From Harper's Bazar.]  
"Hubbard, how's the Colonel to-day?" "Why de doctah say, sah, he temp'atuh a hund'rd and eight, and he fever's at a hund'rd and a hund'rd and eight!" "Yes, sah, a hund'rd and eight in de shade!"

A Nice House.  
[From the Currier.]  
"My home is built of stone taken from the Palisades along the Hudson."

A Chance for Missionaries.  
[From the Boston Herald.]  
The church on the little island of Atafu, in the South Sea, includes all the adults on the island. That church should send missionaries to some of our American cities, where they would find Atafu set there have at home.

Where the Expense Comes In.  
[From the Jeweler's Weekly.]  
"I don't see why you can't get rich. You sell a mainpring for \$1.50 that only costs you 10 cents."

True Fervor.  
[From the Philadelphia Record.]  
Good Minister—The fervor with which you joined in the hymn "I want to be an angel" delighted me.

Sweetness and Light.  
[From the Epoke.]  
Young Countryman (to a confectioner's boy)—Have you got any of them, what they call kisses, them small puff things filled with wint'?

Where to Look for It.  
[From Time.]  
"Mr. Dusenberry, I can't see anything about the shipwreck which happened in the paper."

Sudden Changes Liable.  
[From the Epoke.]  
Young Conditroy hastily seizes a cab on his return from Europe and is driven rapidly to his apartments.

Sickness Unheard Of.  
[From Time.]  
Prospective Real Estate Buyer—How is your town for health?

A Romance of the Stage.  
[From the Currier.]  
Arabella McGee and Miss Margaret Flynn were society belles in the city.

Mr. Richard McGuire and O'Connor MacDuff, they were society belles in the city.

Four hearts and two weddings were busted.

Mrs. Cleveland's Sorrels.  
[From the Epoke.]  
Much has been written about the team of sorrel horses which Mrs. Cleveland and her mother drive nearly every time they come into town, but it is not generally known that these mares are mother and daughter.

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## TALK IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

It appears that the first thing Jake Kilrain said to the Pittsburgh reporters when his train stopped at the Smoke City on its way to Chicago was: "Have you heard anything from New York today about my backers?"

On being answered in the negative, Jake explained that he had made arrangements to have Sullivan's forfeit covered at the Chicago fight. This forfeit was made to show themselves around for five months. Neither will the Chicago act as final stakeholder. It has not held final stakes since Sam Collier recovered a judgment for money so held in his match with Billy Edwards, about thirteen years ago. On the day the final event with the Chicago act was made, Collier was away, and sent his money by express. Through no fault of his it did not arrive in time stipulated in the terms of agreement. The stakes were awarded to Edwards, and Collier began suit and recovered judgment.

In a letter which Jimmy Wakely has received from Sullivan, the big fellow says he has just learned that Kilrain and Mitchell have engaged to fight at the Chicago act. "In that case," writes Jimmy, "I am afraid Kilrain will not fight, for he will not drink in the slow business to train, and it will take him some time to get himself into condition to meet me."

John L. Sullivan and Gus Hill will be floor managers at a ball to be given to the theatrical profession Christmas Eve at Suler's Hall, in Harlem.

Jim O'Brien has been in town since Saturday and has given his word to President Day that he will sign with the New Yorks again.

The American Association is again after John Kelly for an empire, but he has not made up his mind what he will do. If John decides not to go with the League or Association, he will stay here to attend to his new business, the greater share of the time, but may try his hand occasionally with the Intercollegiate Association.

The six-round glove contest between Jack McAuliffe and Sam Collier takes place to-night in Palace Hall, Grand street, Williamsburg. The two men will be especially interested in the fight, as McAuliffe's coming battles with Hyams and Myers.

Ed Mallahan thinks Jake Hyams a better man for his side than Billy Myers, and thinks he will make a tussle when they meet, Dec. 29, to do ten rounds.

The annual boxing tournament of the Scottish-American Athletic Club of Jersey City and New York Winter games of the Twelfth Regiment occur this evening.

THE ROLL OF MERIT.  
Owing to unusual pressure upon our space on Saturday, the names of the best scholars in eighth grammar school primary departments were collected from the Roll of Merit. They are given below:

Class 1—Emily Rummel, 312 E. 104th st. Class 2—Emily Rummel, 312 E. 104th st. Class 3—Emily Rummel, 312 E. 104th st. Class 4—Emily Rummel, 312 E. 104th st. Class 5—Emily Rummel, 312 E. 104th st. Class 6—Emily Rummel, 312 E. 104th st. Class 7—Emily Rummel, 312 E. 104th st. Class 8—Emily Rummel, 312 E. 104th st. Class 9—Emily Rummel, 312 E. 104th st. Class 10—Emily Rummel, 312 E. 104th st.

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Class 81—Emily Rummel, 312 E. 104th st.